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TOM TYLER

AND

His Wife.

AN EXCELLENT OLD

PLAY,

It was *Printed* and *Acted* about a
hundred Years ago.

Together, with an exact *Catalogue* of all the plays
that were ever yet printed.

The second Impression.



LONDON,

Printed in the Year, 1661.

The names of the Players.

Destinie, A sage Parson.

Desire, The Vice.

Tom Tyler, A labouring Man.

Strife, *Tom Tylers* Wife.

Sturdie, A Gossip.

Typple, An Ale-wife.

Tom Tayler, An Artificer.

Patience, A sage Parson.

¶ THE PROLOGUE.

MY dutie first in humble wise fulfill'd,
I humbly come, as humbly as I am will'd,
To represent, and eke to make report,
That after me you shall hear merrie sport.
To make you joy and laugh at merrie toyes,
I mean a play set out by prettie boyes.
Whereto we crave your silence and good will,
To take it well: although he wanted skill
That made the same so perfectly to write,
As his good will would further and it might.
The effect whereof it boots not to recite,
For presently yee shall have it in sight.
Nor in my head such cunning doth consist;
They shall themselves declare it as they list.
But my good will I promised them to do,
Which was to come before to pray of you,
To make them room, and silence as you may,
Which being done, they shall come in to play.

Here entreth in Destinie and Desire.



Represent the part that men report,
To be a plague to men in many a sort.
Destinie. I am, which as your Proverbs go,
In wedding or hanging am taken for a so,
Where as indeed the truth is nothing so.
Be it well or ill as all things hap in time,

The praise or dispraise ought not to be mine.

Desire. I am glad I met you.

Destinie. Whither set you?

Desire. I set I tell you true, to seek and see you,

To tell you such netes, as I cannot chuse,

Destinie. I pray you what is that?

Desire. Sirra know you not Tom Tyler your man?

Destinie. Yes Harry, what than?

Desire. He made sute to me, his friend for to be,

To get him a wife, to lead a good life.

And so I consented, and was well contented,

To help him to woo, with all I could do.

And married he is.

Destinie. But what for all this ?

Desire. Harry that shall you know, his wife is a Whore,
And I hear tell, she doth not use him well.

Wherefore he speaks shame of thee and my name.

Destinie. If you so framed, to have your name blamed,
O? your deeds be noughtie, what am I faultie ?

I know no cause why ;

Desire. No more do I.

I did my good will, and though he sped ill,

I care not a flie.

Destinie. Let them two trie.

They match as they can, the wife and good man,

In wealth or in woe, as matters do go.

And let us not mind their lot to unbind,

But rather forget them.

Desire. Harry so let them.

For as for my part, though it long to my Art

Opens hearts to inflame, their fancies to frame

When they have obtained, I am not constrained

To do any more.

Destinie. Content thee therefore,

And let thy heart rest, for so it is best.

And let us away, as fast as we may.

For fear he come to you.

Desire. Harry have with you. Here they both go in.

¶ Tom Tyler commeth in singing.

The Proverb reporteth, no man can deny,

That wedding and hanging is destiny.

A Song. I Am a poore Tyler in simple array,
And get a poore living, but eight pence a day,

My wife as I get it, doth spend it away ;

And I cannot help it, she saith, wot ye why,

For wedding and hanging is destiny.

I thought when I wed her, she had been a Weep,

At woord to be friendly, to sleep when I sleep.

She loves so unkindly, she makes me to weep ; But

But I dare say nothing god wot, wot ye why?
 For wedding and hanging is destiny.
 Besides this unkindnesse whereof my grief grows,
 I think few Tylers are matcht with such blows;
 Before she leaves brawling, she falls to deal blows
 Which early and late doth cause me cry,
 What wedding and hanging is destiny.
 The more that I please her, the worse she doth like me,
 The more I sojourn her, the more she doth strike me,
 The more that I get her the more she doth like me;
 Who worth this ill Fortune that maketh me cry
 What wedding and hanging is destiny.
 If I had been hanged when I had been married,
 My toiments had ended, though I had miscarried;
 If I had been warned, then would I have tarried;
 But now all to lately I feel and cry,
 What wedding and hanging is destiny.

The song ended, Tom Tyler speaketh
 T. Tiler. You see with what fashion I plead my passions;
 By marrying of strife, which I chose to my wife,
 To leade such a life, with sorrow and grief,
 As I tell you true, is to bad for a Jew.
 She hath such skill, to do what she will,
 To gossip and to stull, when I fare but ill.
 I must work sore, I must get some more,
 I must still lend it, and she will still spend it,
 I pray God amend it, but she doth not intend it.
 What should I say, but sigh me away,
 And do my work dully, where ich am paid truly.
 For if my wife come, up goeth my bonnie,
 And she should come hither, and we met together,
 I know we shall fight, and eke scratch and bite;
 I therefore will go hie me, and to my work pise me,
 As fast as I can.

Here Tom Tyler goeth in, and his wife cometh out.

Strife. Alasse silly man;
 What a husband have I, as light as a fle?
 I leap and I skip, I carry the why,

And

And I hear the bell; If he please me not well,
 I will take him by the pole, by cocks precious soul
 I will make him to toil, when I laugh and smile;
 I will fare of the best, I will sit and take rest,
 And make him to find all things to my mind.
 And yet sharp as the wind, I will use him unkind,
 And pain my self sick; there is no such trick,
 To dolt with a Daw, and keep him in awe.
 I will teach him to know the way to Dunmoe.
 At boyd and at bed, I will crack the knaves head,
 If he look but awry, or cast a sheeps eye:
 So shall I be sure, to keep him in ure,
 To serve like a knave, and live like a slave.
 And in the mean season, I will have my own reason;
 And no man to controule me, to plit or to pole me,
 Which I love of life.

Sturdie. God speed gossip Strife. Sturdie entreth.
 Strife. Well met Goodwife Sturdie, both welcom and
 And ever I thank ye. | worthie

Sturdie. I pray you go prank ye,
 Ye are dew old huddle.

Strife. The Pigs in the puddle.
 But now welcome indeed, and ye be agreed,
 Let us have some chat.

Sturdie. Marry why nat?
 For I am come hither, to gossip together.
 For I drank not to day.

Strife. So I hear say.
 But I tell you true, I thought not of you,
 Pet the ale-wife of the Swan, is filling the Can,
 With spice that is fine, and part shall be thine,
 If that thou wilt carrie.

Sturdie. Why, yes by Saint Mary;
 Else were I a fool.

Tip. Marrie here is good rule.
 A sight of good guesse.

*Here entreth Tipple, with a
 pot in her hand, and a piece
 of Bacon.*

Strife. Never a one lesse, now Tipple is come.
 Tipple. And here is good bum, I dare boldly say.

Sturdie.

Sturdie. Why had not I some of this tother day ?

Tipple. Spake much of it now, and glad that ye may.
Come, where shall we sit ? and here is a bit
Of a Gammon of Bacon.

Strife. Well said by Laron.
Sit down even here, and fall to it there :
I would it were better for ye ;
As long livers a merry heart as a forrie.

Tipple. Where is Tom Tiler now, where is he ?

Strife. What carest thou where a dole should be.
And where is your good man ?

Tipple. Forsooth nought at home, he is abroad for pence.

Sturdie. Well, I had need to go hence,
Least my good man do misse me.

Strife. I would teach him John come kisse me,
If the dole were mine.

Sturdie. Alas are you so fine !
Would God in all your chere, Tom Tiler saw you here ;

Strife. What and if he did ?

Tipple. Sparris God forbid, the house would be too hot.
Strife. Now by this pewter pot,
And by this drinke I will drinke now,
God knows what I thinke now.

Sturdie. What thinke you Gossyp Strife ? !

Strife. I had rather then my life,
My husband would come hither,
What we might busk together,
We should see how I could tame him.

Tipple. Alas, and could ye blame him,
If that he were displeased ?

Strife. He shall be soon appeased,
If either he gaspeth or glometh.

Sturdie. By gods blew hood he cometh.
Away, by the spasse away, he will us all else fray.

Tom. These summer daies he verte drie.

Strife. Wen, that is a devil a lie.
A knave, what dost thou here ?

Tom. Ich should have a pot of beer, & go to worck again.
Strife.

Tom Tiler
cometh in.

Strife. *Pea knabe, shall honest men
Go hire thee by the day, and thou shalt go away,
To lopter to and fro? I will teach thee so: to know
How fast the houres go. One, two, and three.*

T. Tiler. *I pray thee let be.*

She beateh him.

Strife. *Four, fife and six; Lords that I had some sticks,
I would clapper claw thy bones,
To make you tell your stones,
The worser while I know you;*

T. Tiler. *Good wife I bespew you;
I pray you leade tumbling.*

Strife. *Pea knabe are you mumbling?
Hence ye knabe hence, bying me home pence,
Afore ye go to bed, or I will break your knaves head,
Till the blood go about.*

T. Tiler. *Now our Lord keep me out, Tom Tiler goeth out.
From this wicked wife.*

Sturdie. *Why, how now Strife? here is prettie rule;*

Strife. *Hold your peace fool, it is no newes for me;
Let this talk be, and fall to your chere.*

Tipple. *Here is good beer, quaff and be merrie.*

Strife. *I am half wearie with chiding already.*

Sturdie. *Keep your brains steddie,
And fall to your drinking.*

Tipple. *Now fall to singing, and let us go dance.*

Strife. *By my troth chance, and let us begin,
Rise up gossips, and I will bying you in.*

¶ Here they sing.

*Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler,
More mortar for Tom Tiler.*

As many as match themselves with blowes, *Strife*
Shall hap to carrie away the blowes, *singeth this staff.*
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

*As many a Tyde both ebs and flowes,
So many a misfortune comes and goes,
Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.*

Ethough

Tom Tyler and his Wife.

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Tipple *singeth* *this stasse.* Though Tilers clime the house to tile,
They must come down another while,

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Though many a one do seem to smile,
When Geese do wink they mean some gile,

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Sturdie *singeth* *this stasse.* Though Tom be stout, and Tom be strong,
Though Tom be large, and Tom be long,

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Tom hath a wife will take no wrong,

But teach her Tom another song.

Here they end singing,
and Tipple speaketh.

Tom Tiler, Tom Tiler.

Tipple. Alas poor Tom, his Cake is down.

Sturdie. We may see what it is to meet with a throw.
And now we have sung this merry fit,
Let us now leave gossiping yet,

Strife. Hold your peace soles, ye have no wit
Fill in and spare not, still in, I care not.

This drink is ipse, to make us all tipsy.
And now gossip Sturdie, if I may be so worthy,
Half this I drink to you.

Sturdie. The headache will sting you, I fear me anon,
Therefore let us be gone, I heartily pray you.

Strife. Tipple. What say you, will you drink no more?

Tipple. I have tippled sore I promise you plain,
Yet once and no more, have at you again.

Strife. Ho, pray God, ho.

Sturdie. So, so, so, so.

Here they sing again.

Another Song.

The Mill a, the Mill a,
So merily goes the mery mill a.

Let us sip, and let it sip,
And go which way it will a;

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Let

Let us trip, and let us skip,
 And let us drink our fill a.
 Take the cup, and drink all up,
 Give me the can to fill a:
 Every sup, and every cup,
 Hold here, and my good will a.
 Gossip mine, and Gossip thine,
 Now let us Gossip fill a:
 Here is good wine, this Ale is fine,
 Now drink of which you will a.
 Round about, till all be out,
 I pray you let us stoll a:
 This jolly grout, is jolly and stout;
 I pray you stout it fill a.
 Let us laugh, and let us quaff,
 Good drinkers think none ill a:
 Here is your bag, here is your stalle,
 Be packing to the mill a.

Here they end singing, and Tiptle speaketh first.

Tiptle. So merily goes the merie mill a;
 Hold, here is my can.
 Sturdie. Nay I bestow my hart than,
 I must depart, therefore adieu.
 Strife. When tarrie and take us all with you.
 Come Gossips, come.

Here they go all in, and
 Tom Tyler cometh out:

T. Tyler. I am a tiler as you see, a simple man of my de-
 (grace,
 Yet many have need of me, to keep them cleane and drie;
 And specially in the Summer time
 To pin their tiles, and make their line,
 And tile their houses to keep out rain,
 Being well rewarded for my pain.
 And where I work by week or day,
 I truly earn it and they truly pay;
 I would desire no better life;

Except

Except that God would change my wife,
 If she were gone, and I were free,
 What tiller then were like to me?
 For whatsoever I trabel, she uses me like a Javel,
 And goeth from house to house, as drunk as a mouse;
 Glibing and granting, checking and taunting,
 Flaggging and bawting, flouting and flaunting.
 And when I come home, she makes me a mome;
 And cuts my comb, like a hop on my thomb,
 With contrary biting too dear of reciting.
 But this is the end, if I could get a friend
 Some counsell to give me, you would not believe me
 How glad I would be.

Enter Tom Tayler.

T. Tailer. The wiser man he. Tom. Tiler how now?
 T. Tiler. Tom Tayler, how dost thou?
 Tayler. After the old sort, in mirth and jolly sport,
 Tayler-like I tell you.

T. Tyler. Ah sirs I smell you.
 You have your hearts ease, to do what you please,
 But I have heard tell, that you have the hell.
 Tayler. Parrie that is well. But what if I have?
 T. Tiler. May not I crave one friendly god turn,
 While the fire doth burn, to put my wife to such ill care?
 Tayler. In faith I do not care.

But what meanest thou by this?
 T. Tiler. To live in some blisse, and be rid of my wife.
 Tayler. Why are you at strife, what is the cause?
 T. Tiler. When I come in her clawes,
 She guides me for ever; but help me now or never.
 As I told thee before,
 Put her in hell, and I care for no more.

Tayler. Why foolish knave, what hell should I have?
 With a wild evil am I a Devil?
 Thou art out of thy witt.

T. Tiler. No burn say not yet, though I am vext with a
 (sit
 Of a liberal wife, that will shorten my life.

And thou be no devil, take it not evil;
For I heard tell, that thou hast a bell.
And I have a wife, so devilish in strife,
Which cannot do well, and therefore master for hell,
When here to remain.

Taylor. If the matter be so plain;
Then what wilt thou say, if I find the way
By words to intreat her, and after to beat her
If she will not be ruled.

T. Tiler. She is so well schooled with so many blowes
So receive any blowes, never think so.

Taylor. If she be such a whore, something at her throat.
Stand to it foolish calf, I will be thy half,
What will she fight?

T. Tiler. Hea her fingers be very light
And that do I find, her checks be so unkind.
Alwayes and ever, she is pleased never,
But fanning and freating, buffeting and beating;
Of this my silly coltard.

Taylor. A hooson doffard. And what dost thou than?

T. Tiler. Like a pooz man,
Desiring her gently to let me live quietly.

Taylor. No wot mine honestie I like thee the better.
And wouldest thou let her?

T. Tiler. Hea, and so would you, I tell you true,
If you were in my case.

Taylor. Pay then by Gods grace,
I will prove by your leave, if she can me deceive
By any such sort, ye shall see a good sport.
Put off thy coat and all thy apparel;
And for thy quarrel I will make speed.
And put on thy weed, come on and unray thee.

T. Tiler. And what now I pray thee.

Taylor. Come give me the rest.

T. Tiler. I wene you do jest. What mean you by this?

Taylor. No harm sir I wis.
Now get me a cudgel, this is wondrous well,
Now am I well armed if now I be harmed,

I may chance to beguile her, for beating Tom Tiler;
Now Thomas my friend, this is the end;
You say your wife will fight, her fingers be so light;
If she have such delight, I will conjure the sprite,
If she come near, while I tarry here.
Therefore stand by, and when thou hearest me cry,
Come help me to cheer me.

T. Tiler. Nay I must not come near thee, *Here Tom Tiler
goeth in a while.*
Be certain of that.

Taylor. Well if you will not, make no more debating.
Strife. Ye knave are ye prating? *Enter Strife.*

When you should be at work, do you loiter and lurk?
Take that for your labour.

Taylor. Nay faith by your labour I will pay you again,
There is for me to requite your pain.

Strife. Ye knave are you striking?

Taylor. Ye whooze, are ye graking?

Strife. In faith ye knave I will cool you.

Taylor. In faith ye whooze I will rule you.

Strife. Ye knave are ye so fresh?

Taylor. Ye whooze I will plague your flesh.

Strife. And I will displease thee a little better;

Taylor. And in faith I will not die thy debtor.

How now, how like you your match?

Strife. As I did ever, even like a Watch.

Oh knave, wilt thou strike thy wife?

Taylor. Ye marrie, I love this gear allise.

Strife. Hold thy hand, and thou be a man.

Taylor. Kneel down and ask me forgiveness then.

Strife. Ah whooze, son knave my bones is sore.

Taylor. Ah unhappy whooze; do so then no more.

Strife. I pray thee be still, thou shalt have thy will.

I will do so no more, I am sorry therefore.

I will never more strike, nor profer the like,

Alas I am killed.

Taylor. Nay thou art illwilled as thou hast been e-

(ver.

But

But trouble me never, I advise thee again.

For I will braid thee then.

Now praise at thy parting.

Strife. ~~The~~ ^{With} words overwharting that ever I knew,

I am beaten to blew, and my gall is all burst.

I thought at the first he had been a bolt.

But I brybled a Colt of a contrarie hare,

Soure sauce is now my chear.

Wherefore I will away, for I get nought by this play;

And get me to bed, and dresse up my head.

I am so sore beaten with blowes.

He fireth in.

Taylor. It is hard matching with shrewes.

I see well enough the Damsel was tough,

And loth for to bend. But I think in the end

I made her to bow. But where is Tom now?

What he may know how all matters do stand.

T. Tiler enters. T. Tiler. Here he at hand. Now now
(Tom Taylor?)

Taylor. Much ado to quall her.

But I believe my girls do her grieve,

I dare be hold, she longs not to scold,

For use her old sport, in such devilish sort;

T. Tiler. I pray thee why so?

Taylor. I have made her so wo, so black and so blew,

I have changed her hew and made her to bend;

What to her lides end she will never offend

In word nor in deed. Wherefore now take heed

She strike thee no more.

T. Tiler. Ich will stroke thee therefore;

And Tom God a mercy.

Taylor. She looked aske verie at her first coming in,

And so did begin with lowering of shrewes,

And fell to fair blowes.

But then I behide me, and she never spide me;

What I was I am sure. Wherefore get thee to her;

And get thee to bed, whatsoever is said.

And care not a straw, for thou hast her in awe.

She

She is so well beaten, she dare not once threaten,
For give thee any ill word at bed and at board,
But grunting and growling, thou shalt find her moaning
Her piteous case with a saint Johns face,
A warrant well painted, for I stroke till she fainted,
And paid her for all eber,
Will she said she would never be churlish again.

T. Tiler. Let me alone with my damsel then;
And if I be able, without any table
I will quit thee.

Taylor. If she crossebite thee,
Hence forth evermore, beswinge her therefore,
And keep her up short, from all her old sport.
And she will not be ruled, let her be cōled.

T. Tiler. But I dare say, she will think of this day,
All her life long.

Taylor. Shall we have then a good song,
For joy of this glée betwixt her and thee?

T. Tiler. By my troth if you will, I shall tell
As much as I can.

Taylor. Let us sing then

The tying of the spare, that went out of square.

T. Tiler. By my troth any you dare, go to begin.

Here they sing.

*Tie, tie, tie the mare, tie,
Lest she stray from thee away;
Tie the mare Tomboy.*

Tom Tiler singeth.

TOm might be merrie, and well might fare,
But for the haltering of his spare,
Which is so wicked to sing and tie,
Gotie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie,

Tom Tailer singeth.

Blame not Thomas if Tom be sick,
His mare doth prounce, his mare doth kick;

She

She snorts and holds her head so hie,
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tiler singeth.

If Tom crie hart, or Tom crie hoe,
His mare will straight giue Tom a blow.
Where she doth halt, Tom shall abie.
Go tie thy mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Tom Tayler singeth.

Tom if thy mare do make such sport,
I giue thee counsel to keep her short.
If she be coltish, make her to crie.
Go tie the mare Tomboy, tie the mare, tie.

Here they end singing, and Tom Tayler first speaketh.

Tayler. Well now to your charge,
Let her run no moze at large.
But now she is so well framed,
If she do ill you must be blamed,
Therefore take heed.

T. Tiler. Yes that I will indeed.
And I thank you for your pain,
As I am bound I tell you plain.

Tayler. Well Thomas fare you well, Tom Taylor go-
eth in.

T. Tiler. Ah Arra this is trim, that my wife is coold
(by him,

I marvel how she took the matter;
And how she will look when I come at her;
And whether she be well or sick;
For my part I doe not sick
To do my dutie as I ought,
Yet will I ne her die for thought,
I will go hie me home.

Tom Tyler goeth in.

Here entereth Sturdie and Tipple.

Sturdie. Farewell god honest mome.

Tipple

Tipple, How likest thou this match?
 Wouldst thou have thought the Dutch,
 Would have beat his wife so black and blew from top to
 (toe

Being such a simple fool?

Tipple. Welke he hath learned in a new school
 Whereat I cannot chuse but laffe,
 The still howe eateth up all the drasse.
 Beware of such willy Doo.

Sturdie. But she, an she be toffe,
 Will seek some way to rook him.

Tipple. It is to late to break him, if now he get the
 (better.

Sturdie. If she can do so, let her;
 I dare be bold to say, she will do what she may.

Lo here she cometh creeping,

Alas for two and weeping,

The truth will now appear.

Enter Strife fair and
 softly, wailing and
 weeping.

Strife. Alas and well away.

Strife. How ill have I been used, my bones be all to
 (bruised.

My flesh is plagued with, and my head is wounded with.

My arms be back and blew, and all my sides be new.

Sturdie. Though all this be with you Gosip, discom-
 (fort never.

Tipple. He watched ye once for ever.

But trust his hands no more.

Strife. Alas I am so soze,

I can neither stand nor sit, but am beside my wit;

And never well again, till that I may be laid

To ease me on my bed.

Sturdie. Bind this about your head.

And hardly lay you down, we must into the town;

And after that; surely then we will come to you again;

And I pray you be of good cheer.

Tipple. I am sorry to see you here

In such unhappy case, but take some heart of grace,

C

God

Good Gospie I pray you.
 Strife. Alas neighbours, I stay'd here long
from your business perhaps, but I will take a nap,
If I can where I lie.

Sturdie. Then we will see you again by and by.

Sturdie and Tripple goeth out, and Tom Tyler cometh in.

T. Tyler. I heard say my wife is a horrible sick,
Indeed she was beat with an unhappie stick;
Gods, look where she lies, close with her eyes,
That is well said I will get me so bed,
And lay me hard by her, and yet not too nigh her,
For feare I awake her, a good yeare take her,
For using me so.

Strife. Oat alas, O, O,
My bones, my bones, fall in peeces at ones,
Alas, alas, I die. O husband, husband why,
Why have you done so? I was neher your foe,
So much as you make me, and so you may take me,
If I have you offended, it shall be amended.
Alas wherefore should ye beate me a so sore?

T. Tyler. You would be still never, but buffet me,
And Gospie at will, when I must work still.
And take all your pleasure, and braul without measure
And now you may see, as the old sayings bee,
God sendeth now, worst hoznes to a curst Cole.
I come home merrily, when you sit berey
Howling and pouting, howling and howling.
And I was your nobby, as much as my body.

Strife. Alas what than, you being a man,
Should beare with my folly, and you being holty,
Might counsel me, tho not beating me so.
I thought I should find, you loving and kinde,
And not of this minde.
For us to war foes, for such ewel blowes,
I tell you plaine, I married my hane,

When.

When I married thee, as far as I know, I did not know thee.

T. Tyler. Well, I am sorry, this ill is befallen ye now.
But I tell you true, the fault was in your own doing.
For till this day, I dare boldly say, as much as I did not
I never did you such an offer; for I did not know you.
It was your own seeking.

Strife. I beseech you, such a thing, as you say, I did not know you.
So close by the ribs, you may strike your ribs, that I did not
So, well enough.

T. Tyler. This rage and this ruffle, I do not know you.
Need not to be, wife, if ye love me, as I do love you.
Let us agree, in love and amity, as I do love you.
And do so no more, I am sorry therefore.

I take God to my judge, that ever this grudge, as I do love you,
Should happen to be, between you and me, as I do love you.
Strife. Alas, I may more I might have been woone

With half these strokes, but curstness provokes
Kind hearts to differ, and hatred for ever, as I do love you,
Spelt commonly grows, by dealing of blows, as I do love you.
Therefore blame not me, if I cannot love ye; as I do love you.
While we two have life, as I do love you.

T. Tyler. By my halldome, as I do love you,
Because you say so, now shall ye know, as I do love you.
If you will content you, that I do lament you, as I do love you.
For I will tell you true, when I saw you, as I do love you,
Ever, bawling and fighting, and ever crossbitting, as I do love you.
Which made me ill, so, that you should this do, as I do love you.
At last hereafter, I complained the matter, as I do love you,
To Tom Tyler my master, who taking a matter, as I do love you,
Did put on my coat, since ye will not know it, as I do love you.
And so being disguised, he interposed, as I do love you,
To come in my stead; and having my love, as I do love you,
Upon pleading your passion after the old fashion, as I do love you,
Thinking it was I, broke him by and by, as I do love you.
Then straight did he in stead of me, as I do love you,
Carry your bones, as he said for the noise, as I do love you.
To make you chary, as I do love you.

Strife. Is it even so as you say?
 Gods sake you knave, did you send such a knave
 To revenge your quarrel in your apparel?
 Thou shalt abide as dearlie as I.
 I thought by this place, thou hadst met the face,
 To beat me so toze. Have at thee once moze.
 I now war fresh co plague a knaves flesh
 That hath so plagued me, for everie blowe thée.
 Be sure I will pay you, till you do as I would have you.
 Ah whozefon Dolt, thou whozefon subtle Colt;
 Son of an Ore, how like you your knocks?
 The pills and the por, and the poison in thy
 Consume such a knave, and bring him to grave.
 The Crookes and the Wiles, and the verie flesh flies
 Desire to plague thee. In faith I will plague thee.
 T. Tiler. O wife, wife, I pray thee save my life.
 You hurt me ever, I hurted you never,
 For Gods sake content thee.

Strife. May thou shalt repent thee.
 That ever Tom Tayler, that Russian and rattler
 Was set to beat me, he had better he had eat me;
 I hope so; to find some toller so kind
 To currie that knave, for the old grudge I have,
 As now I do thee; there is one moze for me.
 Andel down on your knee, you hoddie doddie;
 I will make you to swop, though you set cock on hoop
 For joy of Tom Tayler, that he could beguile her.
 Take that for her sake, some mirth for to make,
 Like an assle as you be.

T. Tiler. Why should you strike me
 For another mans fault?

Strife. Because thou art naught,
 And be a vile knave.

Enter Sturdie
 and Tipple.

Sturdie. What more can ye have?

Enough is enough, as good as a least.

Strife. He shall bear me one cuff yet moze like a beast.

Tipple. Gossip content thee, and strike him no moze.
 T. Tiler.

T. Tiler. All the world wonders upon her therefore.
Sturdie. Away neighbour Thomas out of her sight.

T. Tiler. Alas she hath almost kild me out right.

I will rather die then see her again. Go in T. Tiler.

Strife. I promise you, I have a great losse then.

How like ye now this last overthwarting?

It is an old saying, praise at the parting.

I think I have made the Cullion to wryng.

I was not beaten so black and blew,

But I am sure he has as many new.

My heart is well eased, and I have my wish,

This chafing hath made me as whole as a fish.

And now I dare boldly be merrie again.

Sturdie. My saint Mary you are the happier then.

My neighbour and I, might hap to abide,

If we should so do, as he suffereth you;

But we commend you.

Strife. I can now intend you,

To laugh and to quaff, and lay down my staff,

To dance or to sing.

Tipple. There were no such thing, after this madness.

Sturdie. And ye say it in sadness,

Let us set in, on a merrie pin.

The Royle of the strife, between Tom and his wife,

As well as we can.

Strife. Shall I begin then to set you both in?

For I can best do it,

Sturdie. Now I pray thee go to it.

Here they sing.

Hey derie, hoe derie, hey derie dan,

The Tylers wife of our Town,

Hath beaten her good man.

A Song.

TOm Tiler was a trifeler,
And faine would have the shift

¶

To practise with Tom Tayler,

To break his Wives will.

Tom Tayler got the victorie,

Till Tylers Wife did know,

It was a point of subtiltie ;

Then Tom was beat for two.

Thomas Tilers Wife said evermore

I will full merrie make,

And never trust a man no more

For Thomas Taylers sake.

But if Tom Tiler give a stroke,

Perhaps if he be stout,

He shall then have his cockard broke,

Till blood go round about.

Though some be sheep, yet some be thowes,

Let them be fools that lust :

Tom Tilers wife will take no blows,

Do more then needs she must.

If Tom be wise, he will beware,

Before he make his match,

To do no further then he dare,

For fear he prove a Patch.

Here they end
singing.

Strife. Gollips, godlge for this merrie song :

Pray God we may long keep such merrie glee.

Sturdie. We marrie say we,

God grant all wives, to lead the like lives

That you do now.

Tipple. I know not how that may come to passe,

But by the passe, good handling doth much.

Strife. For a fair touch my will shall not want.

Sturdie. Would God I could plant,

My eye-lids in such sort, to wake such a sport,

And live so at ease, to do what I please.

Tipple. Alwaies the Seas

Be not like mild, but wanton and wild

Sometime more higher, then need shall require :

So may the hap be with you and with me.

Strife.

Strife. Let all this be, for we will agree,
And let us away, for I dare say,
Tom Tiler is gone to make his mone,
After these strokes, like a wise Cooks;
But all is one.

Sturdie. Come let us be gone it is time for to go.

Tipple. I think it be so; come on, have with you.

Here they go in, and Tom Tayler, Tom Tiler, and Desſie enter.

T. Tiler. If Desſie be poor Tom for to like.
For ever in strife with such an ill wife;
When Tom may complain, no more to remain
Here on the earth, but rather with death.
For this is too bad.

Tayler. Why, how now my lad, what news with thee?

T. Tiler. In faith as ye see.

After the old fashion, pleading on past ion

If Fortune will it, I must sink it.

If Desſie say it, I cannot deny it.

Desſie. For I cannot stay it.

For when thou wast born, thy luck was forlorn.

Wherefore content thee, and never repent thee.

T. Tayler. I cannot lament thee.

For I am sure you know, I charmed your shrow,

With such cruel blows, by the faith that now goes

I thought she would die.

T. Tiler. When happy were I.

Tayler. And a good cause why,

But you may now go for bacon to Dunmo.

T. Tiler. Yet fain would I know, of Desſie now;

How long and how my life shall it pass.

Tayler. Why foolish ass, that were but a follie.

For he is too hollie to tell any news.

Desſie. I do not use, to tell one I strike,

I suddenly gleek, one men be aware.

Tayler. When I can declare it I look in thy hand,

How thy fortune will stand. Hold forth thy fist.

T. Tiler.

T. Tyler. Here, do what ye list.

Taylor. By my troth I will it, and have not mist it.

He striketh him on the cheek.

By the sign that here goes, you are boyn to take blowes.

Marrie. let me look again.

Tom Tyler. Nay bestowe my heart then.

Taylor. Aske Destinie hereby, and I make a lie.

Destinie. No, you do not indeed.

T. Tyler. When I will change my weed,
And tyle it no more, if my chance be so sore,
As you two doe make it.

Destiny. We do not mistake it,
Whereof be you bold, and this hope you may hold,
If your fortune bee to hang on a tree,
If the foot from the ground, ye shall never be drownd.
So if you be bozne, to hold with the borne,
How soever your wife set it, you cannot let it.
And if you leade an ill life, by chance of your wife,
Take this for verity, all is but your destiny.
And though your deedes prove naught,
Yet am I not in fault.

T. Tyler. When let me be taught, how to eschew,
Such dangers as you, enforce to a man.

Destiny. Yea, but who can instruct you thereon?
For all is no more then I have said before.
But howsoever it be, learn this of me,
If you take it not ill, but with a good will,
It shall never grieve you.

Taylor. So saith, I believe you,
What is even all. He that loves thy all,
It were pittie he should lack it.

T. Tyler. When I must pack it
Between the coat and the skin,
As my fortune hath been ever yet in my life,
Since I am married with strife,
Hap god hap, will, hap god, hap evil;
Then hap as hap may.

Taylor.

Taylor. What is a wise way.
Never set at thy heart, thy wifes churlish part,
What she sets at her heel, such sorrows to feel.
It would grieve any saint.

Enter Strife.

Strife. Take a penill, and paint your words in a table,
That the foole may be able to know what to doe.

Desteny. Here is one comes to woo,

By the Masse I will not tary.

Desteny goeth in.

Strife. I would it were muskadine for ye,

To stand prating with knaves.

Taylor. Hark how she raves, she longues for a whip.

Strife. He saith good man blabberlip.

You pricklouse knave you, have you nothing to do
At home with your shreds? a prayer of wise heads
I promise you you have. But you do it with knave,
Come home, or I will fetch you.

Taylor. Now a halter stretch you.

And them that sent you.

Enter Patience.

Patience. Good friends, I pray you content you.

Whence cometh this strife, I pray thee good wife?

Be patient for all.

Strife. And shall the knave brawl

And make discord to be, betweene my husband and me.]

Patience. Why so? are you he

That setteth debate, and disposed to prate?

I pray you be still.

Taylor. Parry with a good will.

As God shall save me, I did behave me

As well as might be, as these folkes did see.

Uill this gigish dame, into this place came

But she is too too bad.

Patience. And I count him mad,

That for any fit, will compare his wit,

And with a foolish woman to wander,

He is as wise as a Gander.

You are too much to blame, and you to for shame,

Leave your old canker, and let your shee anker

Be alwayes to hold, where I patients am hold
 If things hap awry, to fall out by and by,
 It doth not agree, though Desteny be so,
 Unfriendly to some, as he hits all that come,
 In wealth and in too, I am sure you know,
 Where should be no strife, betwixt man and tosse,
 And thus my tale endes, I would have you all friends
 And I would have Tom taylor to be no rable,
 Nor Tom taylor to chide, which I cannot abide,
 Nor his wife for to them, any pranks of a Drewe,
 T. Tyler. Ach would god it were so, for I bid the too.
 Ich wish it for my part, even with all my heart.

For howsoeuer it goes, I heare the blowes,
 Which I tell you I like not.

Taylor. Though I chide, I strike not,
 Your Partnership doth see.

Strife. I helpe his knaves heart, that last stroke me.

Patience. Well once againe let this foolishness be,
 And as I told you, so I pray you hold you,
 For I will not away, till I see such a stay,
 To make you gree friendly, that now chide unkindly.

Come on Strife I finde your churlish kinde.

You must needses bridle, if it be possible,

For els it were vaine, to take any paine.

Take Tom by the fist, and let me see him kisse.

Strife. If Patience intreat me.

I will though Tom beate me.

T. Tyler. Well wisse, I thanke you.

Patience. Say whither away prank you

Tom Taylor also, shall you kisse ere you go,

And see you be friends.

Strife. I would he had kiss both the endes.

Taylor. Say, there a honte coale

Patience. Now see this willos Foale.

Be quiet I pray you, for therefore I say you.

And Desteny to thee, thou must also agree,

As well as the rest.

Enter Desteny

Desteny

Destenie. I think it so best.
 We you agreed all
 All speak. We are, and we shall.
 Patience. Then take hands, and take chance,
 And I will lead the dance.
 Come sing after me, and loke we agree.

Here they sing this Song.

A Song.

Patience entreateth good fellows all,
 Where Folly beateth to break their bratoll,
 Where wills be wilfull, and Fortune thysall,
 A patient party perswadeth all,
 Though Strife be surdy to mote debate,
 As some unworthy have done of late.
 And he that worst may the candel carry,
 If Patience pray thee, do never bary,
 If froward Fortune hap so ainsie,
 To make thee marry by Destenie,
 If sits unkindly do mote thy mood,
 Take all things patiently, both ill and good,
 Patience perforce if thou endure,
 It will be better thou mayest be sure,
 In wealth or wo, howsoever it ends,
 Wheresoever ye go, be patient friends.

The end of this Song.

Here they all go in, and one cometh out, and singeth this Song
 following all alone with instruments, and all the rest with-
 in sing between every stasse, the first two lines.

The concluding Song.

When sorrowes be great, and hap awry,
Let Reason intreat thee patiently.

A Song.

Though pinching be a pite pain,
To want desire that is but vain.
Though some be curst, and some be kind
Subdue the worst with patient mind.

Who sits so hie, who sits so low?
Who feels such joy, that feels no wo?
When bale is bad, good boot is my
Take all adventures patiently.

To marrie a Deap, to marrie a Shrow,
To meet with a friend, to meet with a foe,
These checks of chance can no man shie,
But God himself that rules the skie.

Which God preserve our Noble Queen,
From perillous chance that hath been seen,
And send her Subjects grace say I,
To serve her Highnesse patiently.

God save the Queen.

A True, perfect, and exact Catalogue of all the Comedies, Tragedies, Tragi-Comedies, Pastorals, Masques and Interludes, that were ever yet printed and published, till this present year 1661. all which you may either buy or sell at the several shops of *Nath. Brook* at the Angel in Cornhil, *Francis Kirkman* at the *John Fletchers Head*, on the Back-side of *St. Clements*, *Tho Johnson* at the Golden Key in *St. Pauls Churchyard*, and *Henry Marsh* at the Princes Arms in *Chancery-lane* near *Fleetstreet*. 1661.

A

Names of the		Names of the	
Authors.	Playes.	Authors.	Playes.
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	A S You like it. C		Arden of Feverham. T
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Alls well that ends well. C	<i>Cyryll Tourneur</i>	Atheists Tragedy T
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Anthony & Cleopater. T	<i>John Jones</i>	Adraffa. C
<i>Lord Sterling</i>	Alexandrian Tragedy. T	<i>Nat. Field</i>	Amends for Ladies. C
<i>Lord Brooks</i>	Alaham. T	<i>Dr. Maine.</i>	Amorous War. C
<i>Geo. Peele</i>	Alphonfus Etp. of Germany. T	<i>Rob. Cox</i>	Acteon and Diana. I
<i>John Webster</i>	Appius and Virginia. T	<i>Torquato Lasso</i>	Aminta. P
<i>Fz. Shirley</i>	Arcadia. P	<i>John Smully</i>	Agamemnon. T
<i>Will. Rowly</i>	Alls lost by lust. T	<i>Sir John Suckling</i>	Aglaure. TC
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Antipodes. C	<i>Leonard Willan</i>	Aistrea. P
<i>Sir W.D. Avenant</i>	Albionine. T	<i>Tho. May</i>	Antigone. T
<i>Hen. Glapthorne</i>	Albertus Wallenstein. T	<i>Lod. Carlile</i>	Arviragus & Philicia, 1st. part. TC
<i>Hen. Glapthorne</i>	Argalus and Parthenia. P	<i>Lod. Carlile</i>	Arviragus & Philicia, 2d. part. TC
<i>Shak. Marmion</i>	Antiquary. C	<i>John Muston</i>	Antonio and Melida. T
<i>Tho. Randall</i>	Aristippus. I	<i>John Muston.</i>	Antonio and Melida. T
<i>Tho. Randall</i>	Amintas. C	<i>Tho. May</i>	Agrippina. T
		<i>E. W.</i>	Apollo Shroving C

<i>John Lilly</i>	Alexander and Campaspe.	C	R. G.	Alphonfus King of Arragon.	H
	Albimazar.	C		Alarum for London.	H
<i>Henry Porter</i>	Angry women of Abington.	C	R. B.	Appius and Virginia.	T
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Alchumist.	C		Andromana.	T
<i>T. Lupton.</i>	All for money.	T	Bernard	Andrea in Terrence.	C
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	All fooles.	C		Adelphus in Ter.	C
<i>Nic. Trotte</i>	Arthur.	T		Abrahams Sacrifice.	I
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	The Arraignement of Paris.	P		Albion.	I
<i>Ls. Pembrook</i>	Antonius.	T			
	Albions Triumph	M			

B

<i>John Fletcher</i>	Beggars Bush.	C	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Byrons conspiracy.	H
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Bonduca.	T	<i>Geo. Chapman.</i>	Byrons Tragedy.	T
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Bartholmew Fair	C	<i>John Ford</i>	Broaken heart.	T
	Bastard.	T	<i>Tho. Nabs</i>	Bride.	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Bloody Brother.	T	<i>T. D.</i>	Bloudy Banquet.	T
<i>J. Sbirley</i>	Bird in a Cage.	C	<i>Sir John Suckling</i>	Brenoralt.	T
<i>J. Sbirley</i>	Ball.	C		The Battel of Alcazar.	T
<i>J. Sbirley</i>	Brothers.	C	<i>John Day</i>	The blind Beggar of Bednal green.	C
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Brazen Age.	C	<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Blurt Mr. Constable.	C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Bondman.	C		Band Ruff & cuff.	I
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Bathfull lover.	C	<i>Howard</i>	Blind Lady.	C
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Blind beggar of Alexandria.	C	<i>Sir W. D' Avenant</i>	Britannia Triumphans.	M
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Buffy D'Amboys.	T			
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Buffy D'Amboys Revenge.	T			

C

<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Comedy of Errors.	C	<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Cymbeline.	T
		T	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Custome of the Country.	C
<i>Will Shakespeare</i>	Coriolanus.	T			

<i>John Fletcher</i>	Captain.	C	<i>Rob. Mead.</i>	Combat of Love	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Coxcomb.	C		and Friendship.	
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Chances.	C		Costly Whore.	C
<i>Dr. Mayne</i>	City Match.	C	<i>Tho. Killigrew.</i>	Claracilla.	TC
<i>Lord Sterling</i>	Cresius.	T	<i>Tho. May</i>	Cleopatra.	T
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Christmas his	M	<i>Sam. Daniel</i>	Cleopatra.	T
	Mask.		<i>Tho. Carew</i>	Caelum Britannicum.	M
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Cloridia, rites to	M		Cid 1st. part.	TC
	Cloris.		<i>Ios. Rutter</i>	Cid 2d. part.	TC
<i>Middleton & Rowly</i>	Changling.	C	<i>Ios. Rutter</i>	Country Captain	C
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Cupids revenge.	T	<i>Earl of Newcastle</i>	Christs Passion.	T
<i>La. Shirley</i>	Changes, or love	C	<i>Geo. Sands</i>	Cromwells History	H
	in a Maze.		<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Cynthia's Revenge.	T
<i>La. Shirley</i>	Chabot Admirall	T	<i>John Swallow</i>	Cynthia's Revels	C
	of France.			Catilines conspiracy.	T
<i>La. Shirley</i>	Constant Maid.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Cambises King of	
<i>La. Shirley</i>	Coronation.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Persia.	TC
<i>La. Shirley</i>	Cardinal.	T		Cornelia.	
<i>La. Shirley</i>	Court secret.	C	<i>Tho. Preston</i>	The City Madam	T
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Challenge for	C		The Cruelty of	C
	beauty.		<i>Tho. Kyd</i>	the Spaniards	M
<i>Tho. Middleton.</i>	Chast maid in	C	<i>Phil. Massenger</i>	in Peru.	
	Cheapside.		<i>Sir W.D. Avenant</i>	The Case is altered	
<i>Alex. Brome</i>	Cunning lovers.	C		Cesar's Revenge.	C
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Court Beggar.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Cyrus King of	T
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	City wit.	C		Persia.	T
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Cesar & Pompey	T		The Coblers prophesie.	C
<i>Sir W.D. Avenant</i>	Cruel Brother.	T	<i>Rob. Wilson</i>	Conflict of conscience.	P
<i>Tho. Goffe</i>	Couragious Turk	T		The Countesse of	
<i>Ant. Brewer</i>	Country girl.	C	<i>Nat. Woods</i>	Pembrooks Ivy-church.	P
<i>Dawbourne</i>	Christian turn'd	T		Crafty Cromwel	TC
	Turk.		<i>Rob. Fraunce</i>	Cromwel's conspiracy.	TC
<i>Tho. Nabs</i>	Covent garden.	C		Cruel Debtor.	
	Charles the 1st.	T		Comons conditions.	C
<i>Tho. Goffe</i>	Carelesse Shep-	TC		Cure for a Cuck-	
	pardesse.			old.	<i>Ibn</i>
	Cupids Whirligig.	C			
<i>John Kirke</i>	Champions of	H			
	Christendome.				
<i>La. Shirley</i>	Cupid and Death	M			
	Combat of Caps.	M			
<i>Sheppard</i>	Committee-man	C	<i>Webster & Rowly.</i>		
	curried.		A 2		

D

<i>John Fletcher</i>	D ouble marriage.	C	<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Dutches of Suff.	H
<i>Lord Sterling</i>	Darius.	T	<i>John Tateham</i>	Distracted State.	T
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Divel is an Affe.	C	<i>John Marston</i>	Dutch Courtezan	C
<i>Iz. Shirley</i>	Dukes Mistresse.	TC	<i>Barnabe Barnes</i>	Darius Story.	I
<i>Ia. Shirley</i>	Doubtful heir.	TC		The Devils character.	T
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Duke of Millain.	T	<i>Sir W. D' Avenant</i>	Doctor Dodipol.	C
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Damoyfelle.	C		Drakes History	M
<i>John Webster</i>	Divels Law case.	TC	<i>Marloe and Nash</i>	1st. part.	
<i>John Webster</i>	Dutcheffe of Mal-fy.	T		Dido Queen of Carthage.	T
<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	Doctor Faustus.	T		Damon and Pythias.	H
<i>Tho. Ingelend</i>	Disobedient child.	I	<i>Lod. Carlele</i>	The Deserving Favourite.	TC
<i>Geo. Peele</i>	David and Barhsabe.	TC	<i>Rob. Baron</i>	Deorum Dona.	M
<i>Lewis Machin</i>	Dumb Knight.	C		Dick Scornor.	
				Destruction of Jerusalem.	
				Don Quixot, or the Knight of the ill-favoured countenance.	C

E

<i>John Fletcher</i>	E lder Brother.	C	<i>Chapman, Johnson</i>	Eastward hoe.	C
<i>Iz. Shirley</i>	Example.	C	<i>Geo. Peele</i>	Edward the 1st.	H
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	English Traveller	C	<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Elizabeths troubles, 1st. part.	H
	Edward the 4th. 1st. part.	C	<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Elizabeths trouble, 2d. part.	H
	Edward the 4th. 2d. part.	C	<i>T. R.</i>	Extravagant Shepherd.	C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Emperour of the East.	C	<i>John Lilly</i>	Endimion.	C
<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	Edward the 2d.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Every man in his humour.	C
<i>Tho. Nibbs</i>	Entertainment on the Princes Birth day.	I	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Every man out of his humour.	C

<i>C. W.</i>	Electra of Sophocles.	T		Interlude of Youth.	I
	Edward the 3d.	H		The Enchanted Lovers.	P
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	The English Moor or the Mock-marriage.	C	<i>Sir Will. Lower</i>	Enough's as good as a Feast.	
	Every Woman in her humour.	C	<i>Bernard</i>	Eunuchus in Trance.	C

F

<i>John Fletcher</i>	Four Playes in one.	C	<i>John Fletcher</i>	False one.	T
<i>John Fletcher.</i>	Faithfull Shep-herd.	P	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Fatal Union.	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Fair Maid of the Inne.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Fortunate Isles.	M
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Fair Maid of the West, 1st. part.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Flowers.	M
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Fair Maid of the West, 2d. part.	C	<i>Tho. Jordan</i>	Fox.	C
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Fortune by land and Sea.	C		Fancies Festivals.	M
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Four London Prentices.	H	<i>Lod. Carlile</i>	The Fool would be a favourite, or the discreet Lover.	TC
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Fatal dowry.	T	<i>Geo. Gerbier</i>	The False Favourite disgrac'd.	TC
<i>Middleton & Rowley</i>	Fair Quarrel.	TC	<i>D'auvilly</i>	The Fatal contract.	T
<i>John Ford</i>	Fancies.	C	<i>Will. Hemings</i>	Perex and Porex.	T
<i>Shak. Marmion</i>	Fine companion.	C	<i>Tho. Norton</i>	Family of Love.	C
	Fleire.	C	<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Fortunatus.	C
	Fair Maid of the Exchange.	C	<i>Tho. Decker</i>	Freewill.	T
<i>Will. Strode</i>	Floating Island.	C	<i>Gilb. Swinboe</i>	The Fair Irene.	T
<i>Robert Green</i>	Frier Bacon.	C	<i>Rich. Fanshawe</i>	The Faithfull Shepheard.	P
	Fair Em.	C		Fair Maid of Bristol.	
<i>John Marston</i>	Fawne.	C		Fidele and Fortunata.	
	Faithful Shepheard.	P		Fulgins & Lucret.	

<i>Markham & Sampson</i>	Histrionastix.	C		Henry the 5th. H
	Herod and Antipater.	T		with the bat- tel of Agen- court.
	How to choose a good wife from a bad.	TC	S. S.	The Honest Law- yer. C
<i>Sir W. Lower</i> <i>Tho. Randall</i>	Horatius.	T	<i>Iob. Day</i>	Humour out of breath. C
	Hey for honesty, down with knavery.	C	<i>W. Smith</i>	The Hector of Germany. H
<i>Tho. May</i>	Heire.	TC		Hieronymo 1st. part. T
<i>Jasper Heywood</i>	Hercules furiens.	T	<i>Rob. Taylor</i>	Hog hath lost his pearl. C
<i>John Studly</i>	Hippolitus.		<i>Sam. Daniel</i>	Hymens Try- umph. P
<i>John Studly</i>	Hercules Oetus.	T	<i>Bernard</i>	Heauton. in Ter. C
<i>Edmond Krestwich</i>	Hippolitus.	T	<i>J. Shirley</i>	Honoriam & Mamon
	Hectors or false challenge.	T C		

I

<i>Will. Shakespear.</i>	John King of England.	H	<i>Geo. Gascoign</i>	Jocasta.	T
<i>Will. Shakespear.</i>	Julius Cæsar.	T	<i>Rob. Davenports</i>	John and Matilda	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Island Princeffe.	C	<i>Fra. Goldsmith</i>	Joseph.	T
<i>Lord Sterling</i>	Julius Cæsar.	T	<i>Tho. Decker</i>	Jacob and Esau.	C
<i>Cosmo Manuch.</i>	Just General.	T		If this be't a good play, the Divel's in't.	C
<i>L. Shirley</i>	Imposture.	TC	<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	The Inner Tem- ple Mask.	M
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Iron age First part.	TC H		Jack Strawes life and death.	H
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Iron age, Second part.	H		James the 4th.	H
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Jovial crew.		<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	John K. of Eng- land 1st. part.	H
<i>Sir W. D'Avenant</i>	Just Italian.	C	<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	John K. of Eng- land 2d. part.	H
<i>Chr. Marlowe</i>	Jew of Malta.	TC		Josephs afflictions	
<i>Tho. Randall</i>	Jealous Lovers.	T		Jack Jugler.	
<i>Sr. Ralph Freeman</i>	Imperiale.	C		Impatient pover- ty.	
<i>John Marston</i>	Insatiate Coun- tesse.	T T		John Evangelist.	
	Jack Drums en- tertainment.	T			
<i>Jo. Day</i>	Isle of Guls.				

K

John Fletcher	King and no king	C	King and Queens entertainment at Richmond.	M
John Fletcher	Knight of the burning pestle.	C	Knight of the Golden shield.	H
John Fletcher	Knight of Mal- ta.	C	Knack to know an honest man.	C
Ben. Johnson	Kings Entertain- ment at Wel- beck.	M	Knack to know a Knave.	C
J. D.	Knave in grain.	C		

L

Will. Shakespeare	Loves Labour lost.	C	Sir W. D' Avenant Love and honour	C
John Fletcher	Little French Lawyer.	C	John Ford Lovers melan- choly.	T
John Fletcher	Loyal Subject.	C	John Ford Loves sacrifice.	T
John Fletcher	Lawes of Candy.	C	John Ford Ladies triall.	C
John Fletcher	Lovers progress.	C	Hen. Glapthorne Ladies priviledge	C
John Fletcher	Loves Cure, or the Martial maid	C	Ant. Brewer Lovesick King.	TC
John Fletcher	Loves pilgrim- age.	C		TC
	Lost Lady.	TC		C
Ben. Johnson	Loves triumph.	M	Abra. Cowley Loves Riddle.	P
Ben. Johnson	Loves welcome.	M	Rob. Gomersall Lod. Sforza.	T
Peaps	Love in its extra- sie.	P	Heywood & Brome Lancaster Witch- es.	C
Cosmo Manich	Loyal lovers.	TC	Will. Shakespeare Leir & his three daughters.	T
Ja. Shirley	Loves cruelty.	T		TC
Ja. Shirley	Lady of plea- sure.	C	W. Cartwright Lady Errant.	TC
Iba. Heywood	Loves Mistresse.	M	R. W. Three Lords and Ladies of Lon- don.	C

<i>Chr. Marloe</i>	Lusts Dominion, or the Lascivious Queen.	T	<i>Rich. Brome</i>	The Love-sick Court, or the Ambitious politick.	C
<i>Ulpian Fulwel</i>	Like will to like, quoth the Devil.	I		The London Chaunticleers.	C
<i>R. Wever.</i>	Lusty Juventus.	I		Look about you, or run Red caps.	C
<i>R. W.</i>	The three Ladies of London.	C		Leir and his three daughters.	H
<i>John Tatham</i>	Love crowns the end.	TC		A Looking-glasse for London, &c.	H
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	The London prodigal.	C	<i>Tho. Lodge and Rob Green.</i>	Liberality and Prodigality.	C
<i>Iob. Day</i>	Law tricks, or who would have thought it?	C		Lady Almony.	C
<i>W. S.</i>	Locrine Eldest son to K. Brutus.	T		Luminalia.	M
<i>VV. Chamberlain</i>	Loves victory.	C		Lawes of Nature.	C
<i>Tho Meriton</i>	Love and war.	T			
<i>John Lilly</i>	Loves Metamorphosis.	C			

M

<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	M erry wives of Windsor.	C	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Maid in the mill.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Measure for measure.	C	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Mask of Grays Inn Gent.	M
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Much ado about nothing.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Magnetick Lady.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Midsummer nights dream.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Mask at my Lord Hayes house.	M
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Merchant of Venice.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Metamorphosed Gipsies.	M
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Mackbeth.	T	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Mask of Augurs.	M
<i>Iohn Fletcher</i>	Mad Lover.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Mask of Owles.	M
			<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Mortimers fall.	T

Lord Brooks	Multapha.	T	John Lilly	Mydas.	C
John Fletcher	Marcus Tullius	T	John Lilly	Mother Bomby.	C
John Fletcher	Cicero.	T	Sir VV. Lower	Martyr.	T
John Fletcher	Marriage of the	C	Geo. Chapman	Massanello.	T
John Fletcher	Arts.	C	John Marston	May day.	C
John Fletcher	Montieur Tho-	C	Rob. Baron.	Malecontent.	T
John Fletcher	mas.	T		Myrza.	I
John Fletcher	Maids Tragedy.	T		The Marriage of	I
John Fletcher	Maids Revenge.	T		Wit and Sci-	I
John Fletcher	Martyr'd foul-	T		ence.	I
John Fletcher	dier.	T	Tho. Middleton	More dissemblers	C
John Fletcher	Maidenhead well	C		than women.	C
John Fletcher	lost.	C	Chr. Marloe	The Massacre at	T
John Fletcher	Maid of honour.	C		Paris.	T
John Fletcher	Mad world my	C	Edw. Sberburn	Medea.	T
John Fletcher	masters.	C	VV. VV.	Menechmus.	C
John Fletcher	Match at mid-	C	Geo. Chapman	The Mask of the	M
John Fletcher	night.	C		Middle Tem-	M
John Fletcher	Michaelmas Term	C		ple and Lin-	M
John Fletcher	Mad couple well	C		colns Inne.	M
John Fletcher	match'd.	C	La. Eliz. Carey	Mariam.	T
John Fletcher	Montieur D'O-	C	Tho. Lodge	Marius and Scilla.	T
John Fletcher	live.	C	John Lilly	Maids metamor-	C
John Fletcher	Match me in Lon-	C		phosis.	C
John Fletcher	don.	C	J. C.	The Merry milk-	C
John Fletcher	Merry Divil of	C	Rob. Armin	maids.	C
John Fletcher	Edmonton.	C		The Maids of	H
John Fletcher	Lucidorus.	C	J. S.	Moorclack.	H
John Fletcher	Microcosmus.	M		Masquarde du	M
John Fletcher	Muses Looking-	C	Rich. Fleckno	Ciel.	M
John Fletcher	glasse.	C		The Marriage of	M
John Fletcher	Muleasses the	T		Oceanus and	M
John Fletcher	Turk.	T		Britannia.	M
John Fletcher	Mercurius Bri-	C	Tho. Middleton	The Mayor of	T
John Fletcher	tannicus.	C		Quinborough.	T
John Fletcher	Miseries of en-	TC		Manhood & Wis-	T
John Fletcher	forced marri-	TC		dome.	T
John Fletcher	age.	T		Mary Magdalens	T
John Fletcher	Medea.	T	John Milton	repentance.	T
John Fletcher	Messalina.	T		Miltons Mask.	M

N

John Fletcher	Noble Gentleman.	C		Nero newly written.	T
John Fletcher	Nice Vallor, or the Passionate mad man.	C	Decker & Webster	Northward hoe.	C
Ben. Johnson	Newes from the new world in the moon.	M		Noble stranger.	C
Ben. Johnson	Neptunes triumph.	M	Ben. Johnson	New trick to cheat the diuel.	C
John Fletcher	Night walker, or Little thief.	C		New Inne.	T
Phil. Massinger	New way to pay old debts.	C	Rich. Brome	Nero's life and death.	I
Sam. Rowly	Noble Spanish souldier.	T		New Custome.	H
Rich. Brome	Northerne lasse.	C		No body and some body.	C
Rich. Brome	Novella.	C		The New Academy, or the New Exchange.	C
				Nice wanton.	

O

Will. Shakespear	O Thello moor of Venice.	T	Lod. Carlele	Ofmond the great Turk, or the noble servant.	T
J. Shirley	Opportunity.	C		Orgula, or the Fatal Errour.	T
Middleton & Rowly	Old law.	C	L. VV.	The old Couple.	C
Tho. Goffe	Orestes.	T		Orlando Furioso	H
Will. Shakespear	Old Castles life and death.	H	Tho. May	Old wives tale.	
Alex. Nevile	OEdipus.	T			
T. Nuce	Octavia.	T			
VV. Cartwright	Ordinary.	C			
Sir Aten Cockaine	Obstinate Lady.	C			

P

John Fletcher	P Rophetesse.	C	Hen. Killigrew	Pallantus & Eudora.	T
John Fletcher	Pilgrim.	C	Ben. Johnson	Pleasure recon-	M

<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Pans Anniverfa- ry.	M	<i>Iob. Heywood</i>	A Play between I the Pardoner and the Frier, the Curate and Neighbour Prat.	I
<i>Iohn Fletcher</i>	Philaster.	C			
<i>Ja. Shirley</i>	Politician.	C			
<i>Ja. Shirley</i>	Patrick for Ire- land.	H			
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Picture.	C	<i>Iob. Heywood</i>	A Play of Gen- tlenesse and Nobility &c. the 1st part.	I
<i>Sir W.D. Avenant</i>	Platonick Lo- vers.	C			
<i>Iohn Ford</i>	Perkin War- beck.	H	<i>Iohn Heywood</i>	A Play of Gen- tlenesse and Nobility, &c. the 2d part.	I
<i>John Ford</i>	Pitty shee's a Whore.	T			
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Pericles Prince of Tyre.	H	<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	The Puritan wi- dow.	C
<i>Rob. Dambourne</i>	Poor mans com- fort.	C		The Pinner of Wakefield.	C
<i>Tho. Middleton</i>	Phœnix.	C		Philotas Scotch.	C
<i>Lod. Carlike</i>	Passionate Lovers 1st part.	TC	<i>H. H. B.</i>	Plutus.	C
<i>Lod. Carlike</i>	Passionate Lovers 2d part.	TC		Patient Griffel.	C
<i>Will. Lower</i>	Phœnix in her Flames.	T		Patient Griffel old.	C
<i>Geo. Gascoign</i>	Pleasure at Ken- elworth Castle.	M		Promises of God mani- fested.	
<i>Tho. Killigrew</i>	Prisoners.	TC		Promus and Cassandra, 1st part.	
<i>Sam. Daniel</i>	Phylotas.	T		Promus and Cas- sandra 2d. part.	
<i>James Howel</i>	Peleus & Thetis.	M.		Phormio in Te- rence.	C
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Poetaster.	C		Presbyterian Lash.	TC
<i>J. S.</i>	Phyllis of Scy- ros.	P			
<i>Jo. Day</i>	The Parliament of Bees.	M			
	The Pedlars pro- phesie.	C			
<i>Iohn Heywood</i>	A Play of love.	I			
<i>Iohn Heywood</i>	The Play of the Weather.	I			
<i>Iohn Heywood</i>	A Play between Johan Johan the husband, Tyb his wife, &c.	I			

Q

<i>John Fletcher</i>	Q ueen of Co-	C	<i>Sam. Dani el</i>	Queenes Arca-	P
	rinth.			dia.	
<i>Will. Habington.</i>	Q ueen of Arra-	TC	<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Queens Exchange	C
	gon.		<i>Rich. Brome</i>	The Queen and	C
	Q ueen, or the ex-	C		Concubine.	
	cellecency of her				
	sex.				

R

<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	R ichard the	H	<i>Lo. barrey</i>	Ram Ally, or	C
	second.			Merritricks.	
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Richard the 3d.	H		Return from	C
<i>Will. Shakespeare</i>	Romeo and Ju-	T		Parnassus.	
	let.		<i>Set. Hanstead</i>	Rival friends.	C
<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Revenge for ho-	T	<i>Ra. Knevet</i>	Rhodon and Iris.	P
	nour.		<i>W. Cartwright</i>	Royal slave.	TC
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Rule a wife, and	C		Robert Earl of	H
	have a wife.			Huntingdon's	
<i>La. Shirley</i>	Royal master.	C		down-fall.	
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Royal King, and	C		Ro. Earl of Hun-	H
	Loyal subject.			tington's death.	
<i>Tho. Heywood</i>	Rape of Lu-	T	<i>John Tateham.</i>	The Rump, or a	C
	creece.			Mirror, &c.	
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Roman Actor.	T		Reward for vir-	C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Renegado.	C		tue.	
<i>Tho. Goffe</i>	Raging Turk.	T	<i>Tho Middleton.</i>	Roaring Gidle.	
<i>Tho. Rawlins</i>	Rebellion.	T		Robin Hoods pa-	
<i>Cyrill Tournour</i>	Revengers Tra-	T		storal May-	
	gedy.			games.	
				Robin conscience	

S

<i>John Fletcher</i>	S panish Cu-	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Staple of Newes.	C
	rate.		<i>Tho. Denham</i>	Sophy.	T
<i>John Fletcher</i>	Sea voyage.	C	<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Sad Sheppard.	C
				E 3 John	

<i>John Fletcher</i>	Scornful Lady.	C	<i>Will. Rowly</i>	Shoomaker a	C
<i>Ja. Shirley</i>	School of complements.	C	<i>Ben. Iohnson</i>	Gentleman.	T
<i>Ja. Shirley</i>	Sisters.	C	<i>Ben. Iohnson</i>	Sejanus.	T
<i>Tbo. Heywood</i>	Silver age.	H	<i>W. Cartwright</i>	Silent woman.	TC
<i>Rich. Brome</i>	Sparagus Garden.	C	<i>Sir W. D' Avenant</i>	Siedge, or loves convert.	M
<i>Tbo. Goffe</i>	Selimus.	T	<i>Midleton & Rowly</i>	The Siege of Rhodes.	C
<i>Tbo. Nabs</i>	Springs glory.	M		The Spanish Gipsies.	C
	Swetnam the woman-hater arraigned.	C		Solimon & Perseus.	C
<i>Rob. Chamberlain</i>	Sophister.	C	<i>Tbo. Nash</i>	Stukelyes life and death.	H
	Swaggering damsel.	C		Summers last will and testament.	C
<i>I. G.</i>	Sicelides.	P		See me and see me not.	C
	Strange Discovery.	TC	<i>VValt. Mountaigne</i>	The Sheppards Paradise.	C
<i>John Tateham</i>	Suns darling.	P	<i>Sir John Suckling</i>	The sad one.	T
<i>Geo. Gascoign</i>	Scots Figaries.	C		The Spanish Bawd.	TC
<i>Ios. Rutter</i>	Supposes.	C		Susanna's teares.	I
<i>John Marston.</i>	Sheppards Holy day.	P		Salmacida spolia.	I
<i>Iohn Lilly</i>	Sophonisha.	T			
	Sapho and Phao.	C			

T

<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	T Empest.	C	<i>Ben. Iohnson</i>	Tale of a tub.	C
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Twelf night or what you will.	C	<i>Ben. Iohnson</i>	Time vindicated to himself and to his honors.	M
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Taming of the shrew.	C	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Thierry & Theodoret.	T
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Troylus & Creseida.	T	<i>John Fletcher</i>	Two noble kinsmen.	TC
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Titus Andronicus.	T	<i>Ja. Shirley</i>	Traitor.	T
<i>Will. Shakespear</i>	Tymon of Atheus	T	<i>Ja. Shirley</i>	Triumph of peace.	M

<i>La. Shirlly</i>	Triumph of beauty.	M	<i>W. D'Avenant</i>	The temple of M love.	
<i>Tbo. Middleton</i>	Trick to catch the old one.	C	<i>Day W. Rowly and Wilkins</i>	The travailes of H the three English brothers, Shirleys.	
<i>Tho. Nabs</i>	Totenham Court	C			
<i>W. Rider</i>	Twins.	TC	<i>Robert Wilmot</i>	Tancred and Gistmond.	T
<i>Jasper Heywood</i>	True Trojans.	H			
<i>Jasper Heywood</i>	Thyestes.	T	<i>Robert Tarrington</i>	Two tragedies in one.	T
<i>Tbo. Newton</i>	Troas.	T			
	Thebais.	T	<i>Geo. Chapman</i>	Two wisemen & all the rest fools.	C
	Tamburlaine first part.	T	<i>Sir Aston Cokain</i>	Trappolin suppos'd a Prince.	TC
	Tamburlaine 2d part.	T		Tyrannical Government.	
<i>Geo. Wapull</i>	The tide tarrieth no man.	C		Thersites.	I
<i>W. Wager</i>	The longer thou liv'st, the more fool thou art.	C	<i>G. Chapman</i>	Temple.	M
	Tom Tyler and his Wife.	I	<i>S. Pordidge</i>	Troades.	T
	The trial of chivalry.	C	<i>Webster & Rowly</i>	Trial of treasure.	
				Thracian wonder	H

V

<i>Iohn Fletcher</i>	V Alentinian.	T	<i>R. A.</i>	Valiant Welchman.	T
<i>Ben. Johnson</i>	Vision of Delight.	M	<i>Fr. Quarles</i>	Virgin widow.	C
<i>Sir W. D'Avenant</i>	Unfortunate Lovers.	T	<i>W. Will. Sampson</i>	Vow-breaker.	T
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Unnatural combat.	T	<i>W. Earl of Newcastle.</i>	Valiant Scot.	T
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Very woman.	C	<i>Tbo. Decker</i>	Varieties.	C
<i>Phil. Massinger</i>	Virgin Martyr.	T		Untrussing the Humorous Poet.	C
<i>Tbo. Nabs</i>	Unfortunate mother.	T	<i>Sam. Brandon</i>	The Virtuous Octavia.	TC

W

<i>Will. Shakespear.</i>	W Inters Tale.	C	<i>Iohn Fletcher</i>	Womans prize or the tamer tam'd.	C
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John Fletcher	Women pleads.	C	John Mifflon	What you will.	C
John Fletcher	Wife for a month	C	Tho. Heywood	Wife woman of	C
John Fletcher	Wit at several	C		Hogsdon.	
	weapons.		Geo. Chapman	Widows teares.	C
John Fletcher	Wild Goose	C	Tho. Middleton	World tost at	M
	chafe.			tennis.	
Middleton & Rowly	Widow.	C	Tho. Jordan	The walks of	C
John Fletcher	Woman hater.	C		Islington and	
John Fletcher	Wit without	C		Hogsdon.	
	money.		Tho. Middleton	Women beware	T
Ja. Shirley	Witty fair one.	C		women.	
Ja. Shirley	Wedding.	C	Tho. Middleton	Wit like a	C
Tho. Heywood	Woman kind with	C		No Help womans	
	kindnesse.				
Sam. Rowly	When you see	H	Nat. Field	A Woman's	C
	me you know			weathercock.	
	me.			The Wit of a wo-	C
Will. Rowly	Wonder a wo-	C		man.	
	man never vex't		Tho. Meriton	The Wandring	TC
Sir W. D'Avenant	Wics.	C		lover.	
John Webster	White Devil.	T	Decker & Webster	Wiats History.	H
Tho. Decker	Whore of Baby-	C	Rowly, Decker &	The Witch of	TC
	lon.		Ford.	Edmonton.	
Tho. Decker	Wonder of a	C	John Lilly	The Woman in	C
	Kingdome.			the moon.	
Hen. Glapthorne	Wit in a Constable.	C	Rich. Brome	The Weeding of	C
				the Covent Gar-	
Decker & Webster	Westward hoe.	C		den, or the Mid-	
	Weakst goes to	C		dlesex Justice of	
	wall.			&c.	
	Woman will have	C		Warning for fair	T
	her will.			women.	
	Wily beguill'd.	C		VVealth & health	
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